

Blazed Eyes & Empty Hearts

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Summary: Melanie Curtis always has blazed eyes and is always high, and loves her friends and family; especially Dallas Winston. It was all going good until Melanie's college best friend, Ethan, comes home though-looking for a new life and relationship... with Melanie.

Blazed Eyes & Empty Hearts

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There was most likely a time when I _wasn't_ high, but I can't remember it. I'm literally always high off of anything that I can get my hands on. Weed, pills, alcohol, crack, and cocaine. Just never heroin. No thanks. And the boys, they could deal with me most of the time. When I was high on weed, I was chill and smooth. Pills, I was sick but with a pain I loved feeling. Alcohol, I was sick with a pain I hated. Crack, I was high as a kite, excited, always moving. My brothers hated it, but they honestly couldn't do anything about it. It was my choice.

"Melanie, what are you doing now?" Two-Bit asked as I walked through the door with a bowl in my mouth, just as I lit my lighter. I breathed in heavily, moved my thumb so I could let some out, and then breathed in more. The lighter was now in my pocket as I held the smoke in my mouth, blew it into Dallas's face, and took the rest of the smoke from the bowl. Weed.

"Some, _Mary Jane._" I said sarcastically, feeling my eyes begin to get numb. I could get high as a kite within two or three hits of whatever I was using. I set my bag down and slipped off my old and beat up converses. I dressed like a meth head too; I had long, shaggy, light brown hair with cute bangs. I had a septum ring, and my clothes were real vibrant too. I always wore either sweatpants or leggings, either a baggy plain t-shirt that was either one of Darry's old shirts or one of Ponyboy's and sweatshirts. And most likely always converses.

The gang all looked at me but my vision was already starting to blur. I took out my lighter and threw it at my eldest brother, Darry. "What's this for?" He asked, shaking it by his ear.

"It's practically emptyâ€¦ ya think you could swing by and pick me up a new one?" I tried to bargain. Nobody in the family did drugs like I did, and nobody in the gang does them as much as I do. Only Dallas, but he basically only smokes. Darry looked at me with a squint.

He shifted his weight. "Imma need some money for it." I took a sharp intake of breath.

"I would Dar but," I swallowed, cotton mouthed. "I'm broke," Darry asked me why and the gang listened as I picked at my old bowl. "Got a couple more grams today and Bam Bam took all ma change. Also got Ty to _professionally _clean my bong so that's another pick. I'm six bucks in the hole with him." Darry scoffed.

"Melanie, you wouldn't have this problem if you just stopped." It was my turn to mock my brother.

"If I just stopped. Yeah, and we'd have our own computerâ€¦ come on Dar, lighten up," I laughed hard at my unintentional pun. "It's not that much anyways." Darry sighed and continued to look into my blazed eyes.

There were footsteps behind me and Sodapop appeared behind us, wallet in hand. He handed Darry a five dollar bill. "Here Dar, just pick it up." I smiled and gave Soda a kiss on the cheek.

"Thanks so much Sodapop!" I walked into my room and shut the door, grabbing my bong and my baggy stacked with marijuana. There was a knock.

"Melanie, come out here," It was Darry. I brought my things out and got comfy on the living room floor, opening my baggy and beginning to put speck after speck into the bowl. "Look Melâ€¦ you do understand you're failing school, right?" He asked.

I nodded, my eyes glued on the bowl. "Yeahâ€¦ better than dropping out though, right?" I chuckled, closing my bag and putting it beside me. I picked up my almost empty lighter and began to try and spark it, finally succeeding and pulling hard, getting high just by the sound of the bubbles. I removed the bowl and let some smoke blow out before moving away and holding my smoke in my mouth, blowing it and coughing some. My chest burning, the smoke flowing out of my bong. I recovered quickly and took the rest of it, leaving my bong and getting up, coughing out the rest of the smoke and grabbing a bottle of water.

"You're so skinny too, what happened to all your weight? Ya get the munchies all the time but all that eatin ain't doin shit, huh?" Steve blurted out. I attempted to rolled my eyes, but couldn't feel if I was doing it or not and gave up. I drank some water. Coughing gets you even more high, betcha didn't know that.

Shrugging, I returned to the living room to see Dallas using my bong generously. I smiled, pointing to my baggy. "Don't forget to close that," Dallas nodded as I waltzed over and pulled what little he had

left. He held it for much longer than I did for I was already choking to begin with. He blew it in my face before saying his goodbyes and departing from the house. I sat down. "Thought he'd like to stay for some foot at least." The front door opened and he walked back in.

"Imma stay from some food later." I laughed and doubled over, Dallas laying down on the floor. His eyes were a bloodshot red, glassy-eyed. His lips were dry, so I offered him chapstick, to which he declined and closed his eyes.

"Melanie, this is serious," Darry spoke up. "If you're not gonna try in school you're gonna end up like Two-Bit. Eighteen and still a junior!" Two-Bit made a face that caused me to giggle.

"At least let Ponyboy do your homework," Sodapop put in genuinely, causing Darry to throw a book at him. Sodapop flew back against the couch, rubbing his head. "At least do your homework." He corrected himself. I would have understood them completely, but I was too baked to, so I just nodded and got up, taking my bong and baggy back to my room and putting them in their right spots.

It was when I walked back out into the living room that I studied my friends and family. Steve was laying on the couch, Two-Bit was sitting against it behind the coffee table, Darry was in his chair, Sodapop was sitting underneath Steve's legs, and Dallas was lying on the floor. "Where's Ponyboy?" I asked, slightly confused.

"Him and Johnnycakes went to the Drive-In." I furrowed my brows. I might be high all the time, but I knew when something was up.

"But it's only six. Movie doesn't start till nine-thirty," Darry looked at me. "You can say you're goin to the Drive-In an' have time ta go all over town." This made Darry slightly livid.

"_Excuse _me?" Darry boomed through the house. I knelt down on one knee and sat down, my belly on the cool carpet and my feet kicking in the air behind me. My arms rested under my face. Attempting to shrug was an experience.

"Yeahâ€¦ that's what he says." Steve sighed with a chuckle.

"Well, I says he's sure in for a lickin of words when he gets home." But it mainly came to me as muffled conversations from there. That was when my stomach growled.

"Sorry," Dallas mentioned. "I'm hungryâ€¦" His mouth was smooshed against the floor and it sounded like a fish, which caused me to laugh uncontrollably. I smacked his side.

"Ya wanna get somethin to eat? I can run out and grab somethinâ€¦" I suggested. Darry had gotten up and kicked me in my side softly, but hard enough to get his point through. "I won't' drive! I can walkâ€¦" I surrendered, rolling over. There was a vignette in my eyesight, so I only saw portions of Darry's face.

"Melanie, calm down someâ€¦ if social services find out you do this kind of shit you guys are all gonna be put in a boys and girls home." That hit me pretty hard. I always hated when Darry brought that up. Even though it was rare when they came to visit, it was almost always

on the days I did crack or cocaine. I only did those once in awhile, for the high is short but intense. I loved it, but it was usually just a reward on certain days.

Shutting my eyes whilst I sat up, I rubbed my temples. Everyone knew I hated talking about that. "I'm goin outâ€¦" I said, shoving my lighter and bowl and my travel baggy into my bag. It was one that goes on your shoulder that was embroidered real hippie like.

"Hey if you find Ponyboy-" Darry started, but I slid on my shoes and cut him off.

"Find him yourself, it's not my job!" I spat out, slamming the door shut after myself and walking down the stoop.

The sun was beginning to set and this cool night in Tulsa made me grateful I always wore a jacket. If Ponyboy was without one I'd sure as hell give him mine so Darry would stay off his case. That poor boy couldn't do anything without that old hag finding someway to give him some grief. It irked me to no extent and I was always on Darry's back to leave him alone once in awhile. I remember one time Ponyboy had an all night track meeting and didn't get home until Saturday morning. Darry-even though he knew about it-was beyond livid when he came through the door that morning. He was screaming his head off, worrying himself sick for no reason. It was a rare morning for I was sober enough to tell Darry to lay off him, that there was no reason to give his own brother hell for something he knew about. But Darry was my brother, and I still loved him from time to time, even if he is a drag to be around. But boy do I sure hate him when he's fired up.

Sodapop ain't like that. I've never heard one harsh word sling outta his mouth since he tore his ligament barrel racin. Cursed to the sun and God up above until he turned blue in the face. Sure is a sight to see old Sodapop Curtis worked up. Ever since mom and dad died, he was always the peacemaker of the house. Him and Darry were just so opposite I didn't understand a bit how they could handle each other. Sodapop is a year younger than me. He's sixteen and I'm seventeen. Dropped out after mom and dad died to work full time at the DX while his buddy, Steve worked full time.

Now that boy could raise hell so bad it'd knock your head right off your shoulders. He'd get so worked up over the littlest things too! If you spilled his beer, he'd yell until he his face was scarlet. I couldn't for the life of me comprehend how Sodapop could stand him all day. All he does is complain, yet that's only how I see him. He might be different around Sodapop, but the only time me and Ponyboy see Steve is when he's in the worst of moods. He's always getting on my case about how I've lost so much weight. As if it mattered to him in the first place. Two-Bit was just about the only person I could stand.

Ah, old Two-Bit Mathews. What a guy to be around. I loved him to so much it caused me physical pain to see him in any form of pain. I couldn't give two shits about Steve's problems, but I would always be there to patch him and the rest of them up after a rumble or beatin with the family. Now Two-Bit doesn't have any real problems with his family, for it's only his mother and younger sister. But he was always in fights, no matter who the victim was. The only real person who had so much trouble with their parents was Johnny. Boy could that

boy take a beatin, even though we hated when he did. Steve had some real trouble with his dad as well.

Halfway through my thinking, I ran face first into a person, causing me to stumble. "Excuse me ma'am," A deep and assertive voice asked. I looked up and saw it was the fucking fuzzâ€¦ oh dear. Luckily, I was wearing sunglasses. "I'm sorry."

"No, no, I wasn't paying attention. I'm so sorry officer," He smiled at me and I did as well, his face falling afterwards. "I apologize, is there something wrong?"

"Ma'am, are you on any kind of narcotics? You smell heavily of marijuana." Whelp, this is how it ends. He'll know I'm high, he'll go through my bag and discover my weed and bowl, he'll take me and my brothers away from Darry and we'll be gone forever. But I was one hell of a liar, and that's the main reason the gang kept me around. I could be higher than the sky, or more sober than dirt, but I could lie so smoothly it scared me from time to time.

"No sir, I was comin from the west side of town and everybody there seemed to be high off of somethinâ€¦ I didn't wanna be a bother and rat them out cause I'm from the east side of time, but you asked, sir." I said, pointing the the west side of town, hopin to get the fuzz on the socs ass for tonight, for it was Friday and even though nobody was high, they were all underaged and drunk for sure. The officer nodded.

"Thank you so much ma'am, you have a nice night." He tipped his hat to me and I said my polite departure before walking past him as he got into his car. To me, it was that easy. To anybody else, they woulda been in the slammer for the night. Also, I didn't need Darry to be even more twisted about his siblings actions tonight.

After making countless corners and getting catcalled many times, I finally made it to the grocery store with about twenty bucks in my wallet. I swiped some smokes and pop for Dallas and Ponyboy, grabbed some popcorn, macaroni, chips, brownie mix, chocolate cake mix, sugar for icing, chip dip, and spring rolls. I came out of the store with nine bucks left, free smokes and some pops, and hella food for a Friday night. I'd say it was a pretty successful haul.

Halfway through my journey back home, I spotted a familiar auburn coloured hair lad and his black haired friend. I whistled a high note to them and they looked, seeing that it was me. I motioned them over to me and they meet me on my side of the sidewalk. "What are you boys up to? You know that damn movie ain't startin until half past nine."

Ponyboy ran his fingers through his hair as Johnny picked at one of his nails. "Aw Mel, we're just catchin up 'round town. Ya don't havta go an' make a big fuss bout it." Everyone in this damn neighbourhood had the worst vocabulary you could think of, except Ponyboy. He knew what to say and how to say it, but the way he said it was just a littleâ€¦ off. He was articulate with his vocabulary when he wanted to be, but Ponyboy could sure structure a sentence that'd make you wanna cringe so hard you'd cry at how incorrect it was.

I shifted my weight and switched my grocery bag from my left hand to my right hand. Johnny nodded his head towards it. "Whatcha got there,

Mel?" He asked. I looked at what he was motioning to at swung that bag slightly.

"Just somethin I picked up for me and Dal. If I can, I'd say he's got major munchies." I laughed, but only Johnny seemed to be the slightest of amused. Ponyboy frowned, reaching up and taking off my sunglasses, revealing my watery, squinted, red eyes; showing that I was buzzed. He held my sunglasses by my side as he looked down at me slightly. I was only five-foot-two and three quarters of an inch for seventeen years old.

"Melanieâ€¦ you're gonna get your ass chewed up by someone one of these days. Lighten up on this stuff, wouldya?" He tried to bargain, walking away with Johnny. I put my sunglasses back on. They were big round sunglasses that looked purple from the front. Ya know, the kind that hippies wear. I just wore them cause I loved them.

"Ya know Pony," I called out, the two slowing down. "I can putya in some real hot water right now with Darâ€¦ but I'm not cause I love you," He turned around to look at me with disbelief. "Have fun, boys!" I waved to them and carried on with my walk home.

Once I returned, the sun was halfway set and the colours on the sunset took my breath away. I walked up the stoop and inside the house, greeted with a standing and swaying Dallas Winston who was eating cereal. "Dally! I just got a buncha stuff!" I whined, taking off my shoes and coat. Dally looked distraught as I took my bags to the dining room and set them on the table.

"Well, what did ya get?" He asked, joining me and towering over me as well as he ate. I looked down at the table as I began to unload the junk.

"Chips and dip," I removed the chips and dip. "Chocolate cake mix and suga for the icing," I took them out and let Sodapop take them to the kitchen. "Then I got me some brownie mix cause I'm havin friends over and I gots myself enough for some, pot brownies!" I yelled excitedly, keeping the brownie mix. "Then some macaroni, popcorn, ya know the usual." I took out the rest of the stuff as I felt a hand go onto the small of my back. It was Dallas, but I didn't do much about it. We were real close friends and did a lot. He's seen me naked plenty of times, some accidental and some on purpose.

Without a mouthful of cereal shoved to one cheek, Dallas put down his cereal and took the spring rolls, pulling me to his side so I was against him. "Why'd you get these?" He asked, looking down at me. I took them and smiled up at him, my eyes practically shut.

"They were too appealing to just walk byâ€¦ and they seemed real lonely and I felt bad just leavin em there, so I got em," I remembered something. "Oh yeah!" I reached into my jacket and threw Dallas two packs of smokes as I walked into the kitchen. "Swiped them for ya, knew you were out." I called, putting Ponyboy's pops in the fridge.

"How'd ya know?" Dallas asked, gathering his things. I shrugged, walking back out into the dining room.

"Guessed." He chuckled, putting them in his coat pocket. Once Dally had made his way to the door, he said his departure and left. I was

slightly upset that he didn't stay for the food, but kind of glad because it could get real crowded around here.

Someone from the livin room cleared their throat and I saw that it was Two-Bit. He raised his eyebrows and whistled. "So, Melâ€| you and Dallas, huh?" I looked at them, genuinely confused.

"What?" I felt a little invaded, for there was nothing going on between me and Dally. "What are you guys talkin bout?" But before I could answer, someone had opened the door. Thinking it was Dally, I didn't pay much attention. But this person smelled like burnt marijuana.

"Hey hey miss Melanie," I knew that voice, it was the only voice that called me Miss Melanie. "Long time no see, huh?" I looked at saw that it was him.

"ETHAN!" I yelled, jumping onto him and wrapping my arms around my best friend Ethan. He wrapped his arms around my waist and shook me back and forth until he set me down. I gave him a normal hug then. "I've missed you so much!" I yelled, muffled into his chest.

Ethan was my best friend who I hadn't seen in practically forever since he went away to college. He was just as big of a druggie as I was, and I meet him at my friend Mia's house. He got me into this stuff and we just clicked. Ethan was tall and stocky, long dark brown hair that stopped a little after his shoulders, and was one of the funniest people I've ever meet. He had a pointy nose and shifted teeth with small lips and wide eyes. (just look up Arin Hanson youngâ€| ya know, the guy from Game Grumps? My real life friend Ethan looks _exactly _like him, so that's why I'm using it! -staygold-phandom) He was 22 and I loved him so much.

"Aw kiddo, I've missed you too!" He said. I pulled away from him and saw he was a tad sober.

"You don't look bakedâ€|" I said. Ethan nodded, knowing I was right.

"I know. I've been the past couple of weeks." I cocked an eyebrow, leading Ethan to my room where he shut the door. I hopped onto my bed and grabbed my bong. Ethan looked relieved to see it as he sat on the floor in front of me.

"Why's that?" I asked, motioning to my baggy. He grabbed it and began filling to bowl for he was closer to it. "Ya got a light?" I asked, knowing mine was dead. Ethan fished around in his pocket and took one out as I saw it was dark outside.

"Zoey broke up with me." He said, sitting up and taking a long and hard pull while and after he lit the bowl. My face fell and I put a thoughtful hand over my heart, letting Ethan sit back as he gave me the rest. I pulled it and sat back against my wall, my legs crossed and hands in my lap. We blew our smoke at each other before I coughed slightly and took a sip of water, throwing it at Ethan who chugged the rest of it.

"Why?" I questioned thoughtfully. Ethan only shrugged and shook his head.

"I have no ideaâ€¦ but it's been about two months and she hasn't communicated with me since. I think it's really over this timeâ€¦" I nodded, reaching over and patting Ethan on the shoulder. "But it's fineâ€¦" I furrowed my brows.

"Why's that?" Ethan looked at me and held eye contact.

"Because I _really _like you Melanie."

End
file.